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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LII. CHICAGO, JANUARY 28, 1904. NUMBER 22

RELIANCE.

Not to the swift, the race;
Not to the strong, the fight;
Not to the righteous, perfect grace;
Not to the wise, the light.

But often faltering feet
Come surest to the goal,
And they who walk in darkness meet
The sunrise of the soul.

A thousand times by night
The Syrian hosts have died;
A thousand times the vanquished right
Has risen glorified.

The truth the wise man sought
Was spoken by a child;
The alabaster box was brought
In trembling hands defiled.

Nor from my torch, the gleam,
But from the stars above;
Not from our hearts, life's crystal stream,
But from the depths of Love.

—*Henry van Dyke, in the January Atlantic.*

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UNITY

VOLUME LII. THURSDAY, JANUARY 28, 1904. NUMBER 22

An English exchange tells of a farmer's wife in England who has given seventeen shillings to a missionary society as the proceeds of her hens' industry on Sunday. If they would lay eggs on Sunday they should be consecrated to Sunday uses. This is better logic than that which appropriates the earning of all the seven days in the week to secular and selfish uses.

W. E. Watt, principal of one of the Chicago public schools, in an address before a teachers' association last Saturday pleaded for a reconstruction of school room ethics. The public sentiment that discourages loyalty and law-enforcing frankness on the part of the child under the sneer of "tattling" should be changed so that it would be commendable in a pupil to disclose disloyalty, insubordination and untruthfulness. The shallow ethics of the school room, we presume Professor Watt would argue, helps make the timid citizen who will not report misdoing, who winks at illicit deeds, and thus out of a mistaken sense of honor, becomes a party to the crime, an aider and abetter of law-breakers. We believe the professor is right—there are no honor obligations to vice or to the vicious. Law, order, public weal, have always prior claim upon the child as upon the man.

"The Voice of Gambling; What to Do About It," is the sermon topic announced in a church calendar that lies before us. We do not know what will be the conclusions of the preacher in question, but one thing would seem clear, viz., that the vice should be recognized as inhering in the gambling, not in its dirty or plebeian surroundings. If a game of poker between men in jeans played on a pine table in the back part of a saloon is bad, it is equally bad when played by ladies and gentlemen in evening dress in a private parlor. Betting on horses is as wicked when indulged in by a coaching party of young ladies as by a group of coachmen who gather in carriage houses of the young ladies. Betting on the outcome of a foot ball game by college students has in it all the elements of vicious gambling, as betting on the outcome of a boxing bout by the toughs interested in the triumphs of the ring. For the sake of the young, things should be called by their right names. Public sentiment as well as public officers should hold the criminals responsible for their crimes, whether they live on the avenue or on the alley; whether the crime be committed in a club house or in a den.

Father Vaughan, a London priest of the Romish Church, recently declared before a great audience "with a voice that rang out like a challenge," "I stand here to-night and thank God for the pawnshop. If it were not for the pawnshop this winter death would stalk every street of the Mile-End Road"; and the audience greeted the declaration with a roar of applause. Any one acquainted with the dark side of city life must understand the grim oratory of our Catholic brother. The pawnshop is the fell providence that has carried many an honest man over a dire crisis and has eased in a grim fashion many a family down the slippery road to penury and pauperism. And once in a while this easement has enabled them to take advantage of a turn of circumstances and to start the upward climb again. But what a commentary all this is on the boasted Christianity of the civilization of our times. Must the devil, for greed, do the work which the benignant angel of fellowship and sympathy ought to do? The State of Illinois has a statute which permits municipal pawnshops, and Chicago has a state pawnshop where those in desperate straits may secure what relief there is in a pawnshop, at a minimum rate of interest. This is a small beginning towards the better way.

Chicago is having a hen show. A few figures will take this chicken show out of the fancy entertainment and leisure class industry and put it into the most practical of industrial relations. The United States Bureau of Agriculture says that the hen output aggregates over five hundred million dollars per year in the United States. We are told also in the daily paper that "six rose-comb leghorns owned by Mrs. A. H. Hanson, of Loop City, Nebraska, are now breaking the world's record for steady and persistent egg-production." These hens are now in Australia, sent thither for an egg-laying contest. These hens daily laid their eggs during the long voyage and at the end of eight months' competition the six hens have a total of nine hundred and thirty-seven eggs to their credit, about a hundred eggs ahead of all their competitors. These facts and figures are amusing, but we print them, not because they are funny, but because they suggest the great possibilities that lie within the reach of human intelligence; for these hens are human products; they may well be said to be the creation of man. Having accomplished so much in the poultry yard, let men and women take new courage and apply themselves to the possibilities of the nursery.

The *Christian Life* quotes from the Rev. D. Watson's book entitled "Heritage of Youth," words that are as applicable to American cities as to London. We still await the development of civilization that will make all wealth a trust, and when public sentiment and corporate morality will hold the trustees responsible for the wise administration of the same. He who holds money, however gained, with the sense of personal possession and exclusive right, without a sense of obligation in the possession, is a knave. He who,

feeling the obligation, disposes of his wealth to secondary purposes and to unwise benefactions, is a fool.

In his "Heritage of Youth," a book which covers the whole gamut of life, Rev. D. Watson writes thus of charity:

"Be careful of money. All wealth is a trust, and whoever squanders his money, even in the sacred name of charity, is wasteful and unfaithful. There is much waste through unthoughtful, unwise, indiscriminate giving. London spends about five million sterling in unorganized charity; Glasgow, one million sterling; and Edinburgh, half a million. Now, these large sums, properly administered, would meet and relieve every case of real necessity in each of these cities, and yet in them all there are clamant cases of want and destitution. We have dozens of little boards administering funds all oblivious of each other, with the result that mendicity and mendacity receive golden encouragement, and impostors are manufactured by the score. Anything more wasteful, anything more unworthy of a practical people could not be conceived."

Rev. W. H. Ramsay, pastor of the Unitarian Church of Louisville, Kentucky, has a searching contribution in *Our Best Words,* entitled "Twentieth Century Religion." Speaking of the movement towards unity in religion, he says:

The old questions of controversy are dead. The hell of Jonathan Edwards, and the Trinity of Calvinism, are no longer in dispute. Unitarians have ceased to fight these dogmas. The modern trinity is not the metaphysical monstrosity against which Channing revolted, and the new "Unity" of the Unitarian is not the barren abstraction of a God outside the universe. Orthodoxy and Unitarianism are coming together in the thought of the divine,—Immanuel,—the indwelling God, revealed in nature and incarnated in humanity.

When this union comes, as come it surely will, the names Unitarian and Trinitarian as denominational names will disappear. Unitarians will not regret this. They will rejoice to get rid of the name that has branded them as a sect. The name "Unitarian" is a very unfit and unfortunate one to designate a body of churches. It is a purely theological name, bearing no indication of the purpose or aim of a church. The same is true of other sect names; but the Unitarian will gladly part with his. Channing disliked it greatly. He hated sectarianism. Martineau, the most advanced of theologians, disowned it as a sect name. Many of the leading and largest liberal churches have never used the name.

The name Unitarian as the title of an "ism" will disappear; but its vital thought will pass into a larger form of democratic Christianity that will stand for the same principles of religious freedom and the rights of the people to make and re-shape their own creeds.

The new and higher type of church will recognize more fully the truth of the divinity of man and the humanity of God. It will trust the native divine instincts of the human soul. It will keep pace with the growing and heightening moral ideas of humanity; and above all, it will voice and give embodiment to the new social conscience that seeks to make justice and the divine brotherhood of man the ruling principles of our American democracy.

The *New York World,* occupying, as it does, a position at the center of things, has recently made a note of the things that are in the grip of the Standard Oil contingency. It says that the spreading power of this organization has been going on steadily for twelve years, until now New Yorkers can scarcely turn in their routine business without meeting a Standard Oil emissary. We condense its catalogue: The New York housewife cannot buy oil, sugar, or glucose products without adding to the wealth of Rockefeller. The residents on either side of the river in New York cannot use gas without being tributary to the Standard Oil Company. If the gas is so poor that lamps must be used as re-enforcement, it is another toll to Rockefeller. The New York Telephone Company, The American District Telegraph Company, The Great Northern Paper Company or The Inter-lake Pulp Company, which makes the paper on which the telegram is to be written, The Western Union Telegraph Company, the wires used by that company, all copper or brass kettles or trays, a ride on the street car, on Long Island railroads or on any of the connecting branches of the Pennsylvania Railroad, are all tributaries to the Standard Oil. If the New Yorker deposits or borrows money in or from a bank, or proceeds to build a house, the steel that enters into it, the railroads that bring it there, the coal necessary in the construction, all are in the toils of the one company and tributaries to the one man. This may be well; perhaps the advanced economist will justify it; maybe it is a necessary and beneficent step toward the ultimate sociology; but however this may be, it is well to know the facts and face the situation. Let the light be turned on so that publicity may reach the common people, then they will be prepared intelligently to take the next step, whatever that may be.

A Noble Motherhood.

The great want of the world is noble mothers; women inspired of God; women who comprehend that sublimest conception of which the universe is charged, putting the first stamp of character upon future children of God. No common conception or cheap conception of motherhood is tolerable. Woman is not simply the head of a household, responsible for its physical comforts, but also for its spiritual character. A woman without spiritual life is unfit to be a mother. She should first be "born again" before she dares to undertake the training of new souls.

Puritanism developed the ideal mother in many ways. The old New England homestead was infinitely grander than anything that Rome produced. Its chief end was molding character. This idea was never forgotten in bread-winning. The Yankee was shrewd, and he was compelled to be close, but he believed in work, and he believed in God. The family was daily baptized in prayer. Compromise with wrong found no toleration. What was right was right, and that ended the whole controversy. What was right in the sight of God was to be done, and what was wrong was to be condemned. The Puritan had a narrow standpoint of vision; but it was vastly widened out by that history of poetry which came to him in the Bible. We have no desire to resuscitate Puritan bigotries, but we should like to see revivified that lofty ideal of parental responsibility which characterized the old Colonial family. Culture and education combined cannot take the place of a baptized will—a will taught of God, and fearless for truth.

The power and responsibility of the mother needs re-emphasizing. From the earliest primitive customs the mother was held to have absolute control over the first seven years of the child. There was no power that could interfere with her judgment during this period. She was held accountable for its habits and its bias. At the age of seven the father took the boy to the field or the shop, and controlled the next seven years of his evolution. The State assumed control at fourteen, and graduated the young man into complete citizenship at twenty-one. This fundamental subdivision of responsibility came down through the ages, and is essentially involved in our present social system.

It is not easy to determine to what we owe a decadence of motherhood. It may be, in part, due to the rapidly changing relations of the sexes to each other and to social affairs. Woman's position has revolutionized since 1830, when there was not a college in America open to a girl, and every profession was barred against her ambition. These rapid changes do not involve any necessary weakening of the home ties. They may broaden the mother's vision and views; they need not make her sympathies less noble, and her spiritual life less intense. Still more the change may be due to the effort to relieve individual responsibility by public functioning. William T. Harris says wisely that the school must never become anything but a supplement of the home; that is, the ideal school system gathers into itself and utilizes mother instinct and father love. The school is not intended to take off the responsibility which belongs to parents for the intellectual life and the moral power of the boys and the girls. Much less should the Sunday-school be looked upon as a substitute for home training. The moral and the ethical development of the child's character can never be transferred to outside individuals, or organisms. Any social evolution which weakens parental obligation is false either in spirit or method. It is impossible to displace the mother as molder and trainer, or to provide a substitute for that holy instinct which is wrapped up in the word father.

In one word, the great need of our day is the great need of all ages, a sanctified home life into which the babe may be born. The cornerstone and chief factor of this home life is noble motherhood. No woman can discover any higher mission than this which nature proffers her. God help a babe that does not have a mother, and a large-hearted one, in the truest sense of the word—who is guided in his formative years by a selfish, soulless creature careless of his character-building and whose only love is self-gratification.

E. P. Powell.

"I am not discouraged. Things will right themselves. The pendulum swings one way and then the other. But the steady gravitation is toward the center of the earth. Any structure must be plumb if it is to endure or the building will fall. Wrong may seem to triumph, right may seem to be defeated. But the gravitation of eternal justice is upward."—*Closing words of John P. Altgeld, as he was stricken by Death. Reprinted in the American Co-operator.*

THE PULPIT.

Crimes and Criminals in Chicago.

A SERMON DELIVERED BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES, AT ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, JANUARY 24, 1904.

Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people.—Prov. xiv. 34.

In response to a request issued by a citizens' committee to all the ministers in Chicago, I will try to add my mite to the discussion of crimes and criminals in Chicago. I say "crimes and criminals," not "sins and sinners." Mark the distinction: Crimes represent the violation of the laws of the land in which we live; sin is a violation of the laws of God. Crimes are the indictable sins, and criminals are sinners who have defied not only the laws of nature, but the ordinances of the city, state or nation to which they belong.

There is not much need of spending time on diagnosis. It is a matter of daily experience, of cumulative evidence before committees and in the columns of our daily papers, that there is a painful amount of lawlessness in our city. Our city code is full of ordinances that are daily violated by all classes of citizens and in all parts of the city. Not only are the ordinances meant to govern the liquor traffic, the gambling houses, and that which goes under the scandalous name of the "social evil" persistently and continuously violated, but the laws concerning taxation and education, and regulations looking towards the protection of life, property and health in all parts of the city, are continuously ignored. The first class of violations mentioned are not so surprising, for these ordinances were meant to control the ignorant, the indulgent and depraved elements of our city. Their very existence proves a law-breaking constituency and law-breaking passions. But the second class of violations are far more alarming. They indicate the attitude of the so-called respectable classes; they represent the would-be honorable citizens, the favored men and women who live under the most favorable conditions, who are protected by the highest sanitary influences and conditions, both physical and moral.

The spasm of agony and shame which ran through our city a few weeks ago in consequence of the discovery and capture of a few boy banditti, reckless youths in whom ambition and imagination combined with a degree of intelligence and originality had gone fearfully wrong, led to another spasm of virtuous indignation, of executive investigation. This filled our papers with the details of "graft," our churches with righteous protests against the wilfully blind constabulary system which, when not apathetic, did not hesitate to plead guilty of ignorance and inefficiency concerning things the layman of average intelligence was quite familiar with. While these revelations were being made in council chamber, in court and committee room, there came in the closing days of the old year the horrible revelation through fire. When the smoke was lifted from the embers of the Iroquois Theater there was revealed not only the pitiable spectacle of well nigh six hundred incinerated corpses of Chicago's fairest and most innocent, but the still more alarming and heart-breaking fact was disclosed that what did happen at the Iroquois might have happened at any time in the history of all the play-houses of Chicago. In short, this lurid blaze in the newest theater revealed chronic violations of the most obvious requirements, not only of city ordinances, but of the statutes of common prudence and common sense, the familiar precautions considered as fundamental by all expert builders, architects and managers. Then came the third humiliating revelation, for lo! there was found no guiltless one to cast the first stone. The words of

condemnation died on the lips of the ministers, and the protests of the churches, the would-be guardians of morality, of civic and individual integrity, were silenced before they were spoken, for behold! they too were law-breakers, accused of crime by the very buildings they had dedicated to God and man. And today the conspicuous violators, the proved criminals, may well rest from any grave apprehension of more condign punishment visited upon them, simply because there can be found no innocent party who has a right to force the prosecution or to enforce the sentence. It is a solemn, sober, demonstrable fact that we belong to a law-breaking community; that the obvious meanings of righteous statutes, municipal, state and national, are evaded, avoided, and, when pressure seems adequate, openly violated, not only by the ignorant, the dirty and the degraded dwellers on back streets, but confessedly by the elegantly dressed, well fed, well housed, and much traveled denizens of our favored districts. Building ordinances, sanitary ordinances, assessment ordinances, fire precautions, food, milk and water regulations are ignored, and when need be violated, in the face of the vast police and other machinery devised by a great metropolis for the protection of its citizens and the advancement of its people.

Dickens somewhere makes an ingenious use of the law of fermentation in his analysis of society by alluding to the dregs and the froth as being equally unattractive, unsanitary and unwholesome. I confess myself incompetent to carry out the parable of fermentation, but this I do know—that the froth of society is as great a menace to the morality of our city as are the dregs. There never was a greater municipal fallacy than the assumption that crime can be given geographical limits; that certain territories can be given over to vice—indeed would better be given over to vice, and, some will even argue, must needs be given over to vice—in order that other territories may be held more sacredly to virtue. The statistics of the police court do not furnish the most menacing facts to law and order in Chicago today. We may, as the result of a vicious philosophy sincerely held, or a corrupt constabulary backed by an indolent public sentiment, give over certain streets to the saloons, gambling parlors and brothels, but you cannot confine the patrons of these grim hells to that or any other locality. The partners in these concerns, however gilded by society, however shielded by the elegances of the avenue and served by the retinue of respectability, are as great criminals, before the statutes of Chicago and of Illinois, as flagrant violators of the law, as are those upon whom we wreak our spasmodic indignation and occasionally bestir ourselves for the purpose of remedying or of punishing. Gambling is gambling and just as wicked whether the cards be dealt, the dice shaken or the roulette wheel made to revolve on an elegant mahogany table in a private parlor on Ellis avenue or on a dirty pine table in one of the back rooms of the Thirty-ninth street and Cottage Grove avenue dens, and, what is more to the point, the degeneration strikes home to the heart of the same constituency. What began yonder will soon ripen so as to end here.

We are a criminal community, and I do not look to the figures of the police court for the best evidence of that. The degenerate sons of worthy parents, the flippant, giddy, and money-spending daughters of the rich, the ever-thickening layer of froth that constitutes the social scum of our city, more than the dirty rabble that may well be called the "dregs of society," testify against us when as a city we are summoned into court. The social scandals, the domestic infelicities, the statistics of the divorce court, probably reach a higher percentage in the lake shore districts than in the river wards of Chicago.

It would be a waste of time and an insult to the intelligent for me to try to prove the wide-spread indifference to law, the far-reaching neglect of ordinance and statute, the mountainous pile of regulative requirement and law that are daily disposed of with a smile, from the executive of the state to the humblest patrol on his beat, on the score that they are "a dead letter"; that nobody expects them to be enforced. Alas! many such laws and ordinances were passed in a Pickwickian sense, only as a compliment to certain forces, and it was never expected by the legislatures themselves that they should be taken too seriously or enforced too rigidly.

In the face of this diagnosis, an inquiry into the causes is a more legitimate one. At the recent banquet of the Merchants' Club, where expert testimony was sought as to the causes and cure of crime in Chicago, from men who had given special attention to the problems involved, the first speaker unhesitatingly attributed the chief cause of laxity of administration in the city of Chicago to the power of partisan politics. It is beyond the power of human pen or tongue to describe the blight thrown upon civic righteousness by the partisan in politics. At this very time both our city and state are plunged into the wildest ethical confusion by a demand of loyalty to this machine or that, of fidelity to this leadership or that. It is never primarily a question of ethics, but how much ethics can be saved by and in and through "our boss," "our party." The only redeeming spot in the history of the municipal administration of Chicago in the last five or six years is in its Common Council, and the emancipation of the Common Council was made possible only by the activities of a few men who persisted in subordinating political party interest to the integrity of the man, to the honesty of the individual. This very week we have had to witness the disgusting sight of a city alderman convicted, in the face of all the defense that money and ability could bring, of the most heinous crime that a man can perpetrate against democracy—that of corrupting the ballot box—receiving after his conviction, while trying to escape on a technicality, the adulation and encouragement of a long list of public officials, men representing every department of the government, eager to shake hands with and to cheer by their presence this lothsome corrupter of public morals, this insidious traitor to the fundamental principles of the city whose honor he was sworn to maintain, and a seat in whose legislative chambers he was honored with. Many of these men, doubtless, who paid their respects to this corrupter of the ballot, you and I have voted for.

However "graft" is to be defined, one thing is clear—that the selfishness of the individual, the greed and cupidity of personal ambition and personal interest are weak and relatively innocent forces in the municipal life of Chicago today compared with the seductive power and corrupting influence of loyalty to party. Men who would prefer to burn their fingers rather than have them stained with the results of private plunder do not hesitate to thrust their whole hands into the treasury boxes of the municipality and still deeper into the benevolent funds of the state in order to get money to carry on the "campaign," to further "our set"; money to enable some "Billy" forces to fight some "Bobby" forces more successfully. The demand of partisan politics over every public functionary in the city of Chicago, from the mayor down to the bridge-tender, is always a demoralizing power; it is a distracting force; it makes double the problem that ought forever be supremely single. The duplicity in office, the double standard of officials, the blind superstition that one may render maximum service to the city, his employer, and at the same time be true to his maximum opportunities as a partisan, represents the grossest infidelity of our times and is born out of the civic blindness that fails to understand the absolute ethics of the Nazarene when he said, "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon."

But Mr. Jerome, prosecuting attorney for the city of New York, the man who has so conspicuously proved that reform lies in the direction of ethical integrity, that even Tammany with its corrupting millions and its long debilitating dominion, cannot withstand the clear daylight of the moral law, the simple exactions of justice when urged in the single-mindedness of independency, at the same banquet found another explanation for the rapid degeneracy of public officials and the far-reaching indifference to the exactions of the law by those whose business it is to enforce such exactions. He found his explanation in the low commercial standards that obtain in our day, the demoralizing influence of the get-rich-quick life of the business man who looks to his successful bank account as an adequate passport into respectability and as an excuse for the system of commercial brigandage of which he may be a part. Mr. Jerome argued that public functionaries are not exempt from the demoralizing influences that come from the subtle invasion of the domain of individual integrity and liberty by the mighty combinations, whether of capital or of labor, which seek only the selfish advancement of the combined, and which do not hesitate to bring all the corrupting influences—the more indirect and non-material, the more corrupting—that can be brought to bear upon legislative, administrative or judicial departments of government, to advance their own private interests.

If it is right for a man in business to segregate his business because "business is business" from the claims of society and the instituted life representing the educational and moral cement that holds communities together, why is it not right for the man in politics, for the office-holder, to hold the office primarily for what there is in it to him and to his? Hence his phrase is "practical politics" and he informs us that he is "not in it for his health."

But in addition to these two producing causes I venture to mention a third and perhaps still more active cause, and that is the far-reaching differentiation of instituted religion from civic morality and municipal righteousness. The ministers of religion have lost the leadership that belonged to them in the early days of our republic; they have shared with the office-holder the distractions of a double motive. The nine hundred and ninety-six churches, chapels and missions in Chicago—according to the latest figures—have been so busy tithing their denominational "anise and cummin," so concerned with the petty servings and savings necessary to pay the bills and to keep up the respectability of the institution, so distracted by denominational anxieties and loyalties, so torn by the sectarian traditions which once represented differences that were mandatory but now are largely conventional, that they have had no time or strength for problems of state. There is no professional class in Chicago so impotent in their civic influence, so imbecile in municipal politics, as the preachers, notwithstanding their individual loyalties and, as I believe, their individual intelligence concerning the points at issue, which gives to most of them a much broader grasp, a more academic appreciation of the situation than that attained by the members of any other profession in the city, the bench and bar of Chicago not excepted. Their imbecility, then, comes not from a lack of individual consecration or intelligence, but from a lack of that co-operation so developed in all the other walks and professions of life. The minister is the most solitary and individualistic man in this community today. Even the cloak-makers of the demoralized needle industry have been enabled to stand together with more coherency and potency than have the ministers of religion in Chicago, outside of their respective denominational lines, lines which never run parallel with any of the civic, educational or ethical problems of Chicago.

This is a sad thing to say, sad because it is true; and I am glad to maintain that it is not primarily the fault of the ministers. In the main they are men who are trying to keep themselves in touch with the latest thought and the highest life. They have heard and accepted the message of evolution; they know and have profited by the research of the scholars, the investigations of the antiquarian and the new light thrown thereby on the bibles of the world, and they talk about these things in the secret chambers of their professional council rooms. They know too well that the publication of such views is dangerous, for there is an amount of sturdy ignorance, stupidity, conventionalism and dogmatic prejudice that haunts the amen corners of their churches and makes the deacons of Chicago the despair of the religion to which they dedicate their conventional thought and consecrated lives. The progressive men and women in these churches understand by a sort of Freemasonry how it is with their pastor; they say nothing and pay the conventional price for the conventional service, while they go off to their week-day clubs and reading circles to get what ragged and disjointed intellectual pabulum may be floated within their reach by the tides of circumstance.

No one understands this imbecility of the ministers of Chicago more efficiently than the ministers themselves, and no one regrets it more. Some five or six years ago there was an attempt to come together, led by the sociological representatives of religion in academic circles. It was an honest attempt. It invited into its councils orthodox and heterodox, Jew and Christian, Unitarian and Presbyterian; but the hopeful child was still-born. The timid feared the guardians of evangelical Christianity, and nothing was done. The secret of the inactivity was well understood, but scarcely confessed and never expressed. Two or three years later the same righteous attempt was made, largely by the same people leaving out the distrusted element. Jew, Unitarian and Independent were not excluded, but they were simply not invited, hoping that an evangelical beginning might grow in courage and hospitality, and that eventually the other forces might be included; but, to all appearances, the second child died the same premature death. Jonah, whether on shipboard or in the whale's belly, was a disturbing element. So it has come to pass that this class of men who, by training, by profession, as well as by temperament and circumstance ought to lead in the campaign for righteousness, are simply the amusement of the serious layman, whether this serious layman be on the side of reform or of vice, and both parties feel that the minister of religion will accomplish but little because of the crass individualism which prevents the combination and co-operation that in these days alone achieves, either in the interests of heaven or of hell.

We are burdened with one more cause of crime and criminals in Chicago, and that is a degeneracy at the home centers, the preoccupation of fathers and the flippancy of mothers. In the home-making realm as in other industries, that will not come by haphazard or periodic spasms which alone can be produced by forethought, by deliberate culture and persistent consecration. The mothers who give more thought and systematic attention to the clothing than to the moral training of their children, who think a few years of shallow attention to child study and the supervision of the child's education through the kindergarten years have exhausted their possibilities or duties, are contributing to the crime and the criminals of the city. The fathers who are too busy to enter into the problems of their sons, who have no time to beat back the insidious temptations of wine

room, pool room and brothel from the limits of their own neighborhood, are fostering crime and making criminals for Chicago in their own homes and neighborhoods.

Here, then, are four adequate explanations of the grim situation, the sources of our lawlessness: First, the blind devotion of man to political party, the power of partisan politics, the political cowardice, born out of an unintellectual partriotism that thinks a bad man in the party of our inheritance and our choice is better than a good man in the party of our inherited animosity, and the attendant superstition that he may make a first-class officer who by common consent is a second-class citizen, and that a man who has not enough intelligence, integrity, purity of speech and of manners to be introduced into our homes and to become familiar with our sons, daughters and wives, is still worthy of our ballot and competent to accept the great civic trusts in which our future well-being is involved. Second, the low standards in business, the uncurbed greed for profits. Third, the dogmatic spirit in religion that still makes its test doctrinal rather than ethical. And, fourth, the shallow life in the home.

These are causes to state which is to state the remedies. In politics there is high call for a new independency, which can never come until we revise and reform our primary laws and make it possible for the honorable citizen to take the initiative and to have a primary. Now in his simplicity he goes to a "primary" that was "primaried" away back and away down in ways and places the honest citizen can never know. Our present Chicago "primaries" are already in the "quaternary" period, to say the least, before they ever come within reach of the disinterested voter. How to reform these laws is perfectly clear to the student of political economy; the way has been devised. The only trouble is to secure the necessary legislation in the face of the organized opposition of the professional politician, who is "in politics for what is in it," to him and his friends. The reign of the "B'hoys" must be broken in the interest of the "Men." The politician must cease to take the respectable citizen for granted, and so they bend all their energies to placate and interest the "B'hoys" of the ward in their candidacy. Feeling sure that if they can secure the nomination and get on the party's ticket the great bulk of honest voters will like sheep follow any wether that wears the bell.

The remedy for business corruption is to reconstruct our ideals of what is excellent. Public sentiment, the mighty arbiter, must ask of wealth to justify its existence by what it does. The time is coming when wealth, in order to be respected, must not only show legitimacy and honor in the making, but an ethical purpose, a public spirit and devotion to the common weal on the part of the holder after it is made. Wealth is a trust, and its value is commensurate with the dignity of the trustee and the faithfulness of the trusteeship.

And in the church the better day is coming—perhaps it is nearer at hand than we can think—the day when that only will be called heresy that is indifferent to morality, and infidelity will be synonymous with unfaithfulness, disloyalty to law and to order. O when the ministers of religion dare stand up in their pulpits and move the previous question, give to their listeners the latest results of science, the highest call of civics, and emphasize the ever old and ever new demands of the moral law as the superlative tests of fellowship, then they will become again, as they have been in the vital ages of the past, mighty leaders of reform, the bulwarks of national integrity, pioneers in the onward march.

And our homes must learn the lesson of simplicity, of sincerity and of devoutness. All these forces working together will make vital again our ordinances and our statute books. Every ordinance and every law is to be enforced or repealed, one or the other. If it is a good law, it is to be enforced; if it is a bad one, all the more is it to be enforced that it may all the more promptly be repealed. There is no righteousness in a partial judge and no integrity in aldermanic interference with court edicts and verdicts of juries. Such officials are mischievous meddlers themselves, tampering with the laws they are sworn to enforce.

Chicago is overgrown, incoherent in its lawlessness. We need regeneration on the four lines indicated in order to bring about the security of property and the safety of life, the physical and spiritual sanity which becomes a great metropolis.

The assumption should ever be that virtue and not vice is the normal condition of any aggregation of individuals as it is of the individual. The city can be and should be as moral as the country. There is little ethical value in the contention that Chicago is not so bad as it might be or even not so bad as is claimed for it. Enough to know that it is not so good as it ought to be, and that our own boys and girls, brothers, sisters, husbands and wives, our friends and neighbors, are daily going to the bad in Chicago, under the influence of fell forces that ought to be resisted and might be removed.

I have been long asking for some one who would give us a map of Chicago done in colors to represent its present spiritual condition. In the center of the city, within and around the loop, there are two or three square miles to be painted in yellow, the gold color. It is devoted to Business with a capital "B." From this gold center steadily have been driven, one after another, all the religious, social and humanitarian forces, everything that would ameliorate the intensity of the commercial life. Around this gold core let there be painted a black belt from one to three miles in diameter—a belt avoided alike by trade and by residents. This black belt reeks with humanity, unkempt and unwashed. Its tenants are unattractive without and unhealthy within. This black belt the churches avoid as they would a malarial district; here and there is a meager Mission, here and there a barren Salvation Army barracks, and here and there, I speak it with gratitude, the cross of the Roman church is elevated and its representatives apply its ameliorating influence to the hard circumstances, the life that is not so vicious as it is apathetic, stolid, without poetry, without ambition. But all this black territory represents the hopes as well as the anguish of the real estate man. There is transference of few titles here, for the prices are prohibitory. The real estate man alone believes that there is a future for the black belt of Chicago.

Outside the black belt let there be painted the pink periphery, the settlements of the favored. This pink periphery is illuminated with parks, veined with boulevards, from which the citizens, however intelligent or public spirited, however appreciative of privileges and however willing to create them, are excluded unless they come under the category of the wealthy, for rents and prices are prohibitive. This pink margin has its full quota of steeple-houses, plenty of eloquent and earnest preachers, re-enforced by organ lifts and choir helps. This pink margin is fringed with college halls, private libraries and family clubs, all of which are so desirable that the thought of the deprivations of the black belt and the indifference of the golden belt concerning these things ought to bring the blush of shame to the cheeks of all those who rejoice in these privileges.

The Lord of the universe has dealt bountifully with Chicago. He has made it the clearing house of the most affluent valley on the globe. It is the banking house of the great Mississippi Valley. There is plenty of money and more coming. Our problem is, how to ameliorate the glaring yellow of the golden core, how to dissipate the black belt, and how to save the pink margin from the imbecility of the social function that is best typified by the platitudes and inanities of a "pink tea."

There is no mild remedy for the crimes and criminals in Chicago. They are rooted in civic perplexities; we go up or down together, and we must work together. We cannot cure the plague with rosewater. We cannot smile away the grimness of this black country by a few kindergarten songs, a picture book now and then, an occasional fairy story, and a little benignant advice to those who are under. It is a case for heroic work. It calls for a stalwart application of the profoundest principles in sociology, ethics and religion as interpreted by the bravest thinkers and the most heroic lovers of humanity.

Men and women of All Souls Church, I have spoken out of the experience of a quarter of a century. I have talked to you brokenly of what we have faced together and have tried to live through and for all these years. Do we see our duty? Are we equal to our opportunity? God grant there be no shirking or flinching on our part as we study the crimes and confront the criminals in Chicago, of whom we ourselves are typical representatives.

CREEDLESS.

I have no creed.
But I have in me that surpassing words,
Of faith in God as boundless as the sea;
A love that takes in all the human race.
I see good in all creeds,
Good in all religions,
Good in all men,
Good in all living things.
The only sin to me is selfishness;
The only happiness the good we do.
Oh, let us drown these empty sounds and forms—
The letter that divides in warring sects;
And let us fill our hearts with love to men.
Oh, build a church as wide as human needs;
Imbue it with the Spirit, not the husk;
And henceforth leave the Race unfettered, free,
To follow out its impulses divine.
For God is in us and will lead us on,
If we but leave our hates and follow him.

—*J. C. Buchanan.*

Brooke Herford and Lower Mosley Street Schools.

(We print the following extract from a sermon by Rev. A. Cobden Smith, delivered before the above school in Manchester, England, on the third inst. Our many readers who know and admire the Rev. Brooke Herford will be glad of this side-light on the life of a minister who allied himself to the life of his time and place.)

Brooke Herford has long been cherished among the honored names associated with Lower Mosley street. He was one of several brothers remarkable for their active interest in all that concerned the school to which they belonged. The teachers of the old school in Mosley street recorded of Edward Herford—afterwards Deputy Town Clerk and City Coroner—in 1834, that "to the zealous and persevering performance of his various duties they in a great measure ascribe the present flourishing state of the schools." Charles James Herford was also a teacher and Sunday-school secretary in the first school. There is an unbroken record of his work from the thirties to 1868, when after nearly forty years' service he resigned his position as a teacher. William Henry Herford, after being a teacher in the school, entered the ministry, and was one of the successors of Rev. John James Tayler at Upper Brook Street Free Church, when he again became closely connected with Lower Mosley street. Vernon Herford was another brother, a teacher and worker who afterwards went abroad. Brooke Herford was the youngest of these, and before I attempt to speak of his associations with Lower Mosley street it is only just to say that, as far back as we can trace, the Herford family have continued to render an unselfish and faithful devotion which to-day remains a prominent feature in the life of the school.

If you had been present at a teachers' meeting held on February 14, 1847, you would have heard a young man scarcely seventeen years of age reading an essay on "The Best Means of Promoting the Ends of Sunday-schools." That was Brooke Herford, who a year before had become a teacher. Those were days of earnest effort and consecrated zeal. There were teachers of exemplary ability listening to that initial effort, but no one was swayed with a loftier enthusiasm than he. His whole soul was in his task. He aimed at the best things, the best methods, the best means for deepening the real life of the school. That spirit prompted him again at a similar meeting during the same year to introduce some observations upon "The Best Means of Interesting Parents in the Work of Sunday-school Education." He knew something of the parents of his scholars, for he visited them in their homes. His experience as a visitor, and as a secretary of the Absentee Visiting Society, revealed to him the great possibilities that result from the strengthening of the ties between the home and the school. Then he was always ready to strive for a large conception of fellowship and brotherhood, and was therefore quick to recognize others equally zealous for the common cause. When E. Parke Lamport, a faithful fellow-worker and teacher, resigned his connection with the school on leaving Manchester for South Africa, Brooke Herford, supported by John Curtis and Richard Wade, expressed the regret deeply felt by all in "having to part with such an old and tried friend and fellow laborer."

The most hopeful feature of Lower Mosley Street School at that time was the fine band of men who gave themselves ungrudgingly and unselfishly to establish its welfare. It was a glorious company to be associated with, a fellowship as high and noble as it was fruitful in good works; and I know nothing in the annals of any school or institution more calculated to increase a healthy, vigorous and promising social and religious life, than the presence and influence of such earnest and faithful men as were then gathered together for one common purpose. Surrounded by such exemplary types of deep religious fervor and resolute endeavor, Brooke Herford was inspired with the glorious ideal of the Christian ministry. He felt called upon to give himself to the work of a true evangelist, to be a preacher to the people, to become a follower of Christ in the service of humanity. Lower Mosley Street School, with its fellowship, its uplifting influence, its stimulating atmosphere, had given him his mission in the world. Writing to Richard Wade in 1861, he tells us: "I always look back on my connection with the Lower Mosley Street Schools with the greatest pleasure, and I feel that I learned there far more than I ever taught. The friends whom I met there influenced my life, and it was from the feelings aroused by the intercourse with them that I was led to seek an entrance into the ministry. I only hope the Lower Mosley Street Schools may ever continue to flourish, and that many generations may look back upon them with the same kind remembrances which those of my own time always feel." These words tell us what the school did for Brooke Herford. It directed him to the work of the ministry. The truth of God had sunk deeply into his heart. He was to bear witness to the old-time acknowledgment: "O God, Thou hast taught me from my youth: and hitherto have I declared Thy wondrous works." The decision opposed his father's wishes to follow him in his occupation. But nothing altered his determination, and in October, 1848, he entered Manchester New College as a student. At that time the college had its home in Manchester, and for three years more he was able to continue his close connection with Lower Mosley Street.

Other friendships were now formed, and none made the year 1848 more memorable than the warm attachment which sprang up between himself and Travers Madge. He had heard much of him, but, as he tells us, "I had not known Travers in those days, but when, a year and a half after he had left, I became a teacher in the same schools to which his college leisure had been given, I found his name still in everyone's mouth; his gentleness and kindness; his winning ways with the younger children; his influence for earnestness and goodness among the teachers, his plans for this and that class, a constant topic of conversation." When the news was made known that he was to return to the school as "Home Visitor," there were manifestations of joy on every hand. "I and a few others," says Brooke Herford, "who had not known him, wondered what he could be like to excite such a fervor of attachment." Sunday, April 2, 1848, saw Travers Madge back again at Lower Mosley Street. There was a meeting of teachers at the school to receive him. Rev. J. G. Robberds presided over the meeting, and among the speakers were Revs. William Gaskell, John Curtis and Mr. Livingston. We can also imagine the pleasure it gave Brooke Herford to gaze for the first time upon that face which he has described in his own words as "a face of indescribable sweetness and purity,

its fresh, wholesome, kindly look lit up with beautiful gleams of thought and feeling from the soul within. Those varying expressions of his face were something never to be forgotten —now beaming with sympathy and delight in the joy of those about him, now suffused with unspeakable compassion for their sorrows, now kindling into almost the glow of prophecy in hours of strong religious feeling.''

Between Brooke Herford and Travers Madge there sprang up a close and intimate relationship. There was much in common that knitted them together with the bonds of deep affection. They were as David and Jonathan. One was pressing forward with manly courage and determination towards the hopeful life of Christian service; the other was a saint in the household of faith, whose influence awakened souls to a consciousness of the Father's presence. One manifested the glowing zeal of youth, with its ardent longings and earnest convictions; the other, though but a young man of twenty-four, brought to those gathered round him the sweetness and serenity of an all-pervading spiritual life. Brooke, with robust health, possessed energy and enthusiasm which fitted him to face the world in the service of God and man. Honest as the day, sincere in his loyalty to truth and principle, warm-hearted and generous in his dealings with others, homely and unaffected in manner, he yet needed a restraining influence to check at times the generous impulse and impetuous zeal. Travers, full of solicitude, sensitive to a degree, shrinking from anything that would cause even a moment's pain or suffering, intensely moved with a passionate love for souls, became an ideal guide, unveiling the source and spring of the gentlest, tenderest, humblest life. ''For myself,'' says Brooke Herford, ''I have the deepest cause to be thankful for the friendship he so freely gave me. Younger by some years than he was, not entering college till two or three years after his course was finished, he nevertheless was to me as a brother, bound to him as I was by the double tie of being one of the teachers with him in the Lower Mosley Street Schools and a young student preparing for the ministry.''

But apart from the life of the school, yet through the ties that naturally associated them both with it, those two friends, almost inseparably attached to one another, found frequent opportunities of close, personal intercourse. We are able to learn this from Brooke Herford's Memoir of Travers Madge, wherein he writes: ''I remember that in those days he spoke to me as no man had ever spoken to me before; seemed instinctively to know the struggles and aspirations which often make the beginning of the endeavor to turn to a religious life so hard a time; and then, telling me freely his own trials and sorrows, before we parted he would kneel down with me in his little room, and pray such prayers as I have never heard before or since.'' What a preparation that was for the practical work of understanding the needs of people, of coming to close quarters with the deepest wants and experiences of life! It gave the student an insight into human nature that no college course could impart and no refined scholarship unfold. There were then at Manchester New College John James Tayler, James Martineau, Francis William Newman, J. G. Robberds, and other gifted professors, who opened out many helpful avenues of knowledge and wisdom which are necessary to equip the minister as a messenger of Divine truth; but none made so deep an impression upon Brooke Herford as did Travers Madge. He opened out to him the life of the soul. He quickened his vision of spiritual realities. He revealed the hidden sources of Divine power, made known the reality of a living faith, and awakened within him a conception of life at its highest and best. Those were the things that were most instrumental in adding the finest touches to a robust manhood which made him a man among men; a man who understood human needs, knew human weaknesses and failings; but, above all, saw its virtues and realized its possibilities. They were the best things calculated to make him a preacher for the people—the actual contact with life's deepest experiences. Well might he cherish the friendship of Travers Madge, and find in it counsel and guidance for times of perplexing difficulty. ''With him,'' he says, ''I talked over my college work and college difficulties. With him, morning by morning, I met at 5 o'clock, in order to ensure a few hours' study before breakfast, by having a fixed engagement.'' The close intercourse, that companionship and work together, only lasted a few years, but what glorious seed had been sown for the Kingdom of God. When the time of preparation was over, Brooke Herford went forth on his fifty years' ministry clad in the armor of a living faith, armed with the power of the Spirit, and inspired with a message of God. At Todmorden, Sheffield, Strangeways, Chicago, Boston and Hampstead, he uplifted with bold, fearless, soul-inspiring courage and trust the message which had been delivered unto him. ''When I first started to preach,'' he tells us, ''I had a profound conviction that if I could only get a fair hearing I could convert the human race.'' Truly he possessed an enthusiasm which was as mighty as his faith and hope. The deep religious fervor inspired him with a marvelous power over the multitudes who heard him. He became a living preacher voicing the needs of hungry souls, revealing the simplicity and grandeur of the Christ-like trust in a heavenly Father. Of him it can be said, ''I have declared Thy wondrous works.''

It is not necessary to venture further with the story of Brooke Herford's exemplary life. Others have already borne their testimony to the influence of his ministry, and there are many whose personal knowledge of the man, whose more familiar acquaintance with his work, better qualify them to speak of his fruitful days of active service. Mine has been the privilege to bring to remembrance a glimpse of the old days when he labored as a teacher and fellow-worker with some who still remain with us, for these schools he loved so dearly. Lower Mosley Street School cherishes his name as warmly as he acknowledged its influence in leading him into the ministry. His memory will ever minister to each generation of scholars that find in his example the richest blessings of a higher and holier life. As with him ''holiness'' meant wholeness of heart and soul, a whole-hearted service, so may many whose lives are enriched with the purest thoughts and noblest aspirations in services, meetings, and classes, consecrate themselves in the same spirit of holiness to the cause of God and man. When a friend came over from America a few months ago and visited him in his home, he had only one message to give, and that was, ''Go to work!'' And that is also his message to us. Work with all your might. Spend and be spent in the service of others. Live as you would have others live. Go forth with an enthusiasm that is strong and convincing. The world needs its manly souls, full of quickening zeal, to carry forth the living gospel of faith and hope. Yes, this is our privilege to-day, to honor the trust given to our hands; and if we go forward with earnestness and zealous confidence, the blessing of God and man will rest upon us. When the journey of life is ended, we shall realize the truth he declared whose memory we honor, that ''the Father's presence bending over us will touch us with that kind hand which in our blindness we call the hand of death; and even while the visions of this earthly life fade from us like our dreams, the glorious realities of the heavenly world will open to our changed and wondering sight.''

About Leclaire.

Oh, no, it isn't a Pullman, nor a show place, nor a hobby, nor a cure. It hasn't a boss, nor a policeman, no rules or "Don't" signs. It wasn't built to prove a theory nor to glorify anybody nor to perpetuate a name.

It was born in 1890 in the natural way, and has "just growed." Measles and whooping-cough and shin scratches it has had, but no cholera or yellow fever—no serious ailments.

We went to the country for elbow-room and fresh air, we didn't like a city to live in, at least I don't, and the men all voted for the move. They probably didn't all mean it: even a secret ballot won't bring a square vote when the boss is the proposer. We had an old business in St. Louis, opened in 1872, when I was 27 —we were prosperous and had been dividing profits for several years, the "help" getting from 8 to 10 per cent. added to wages. I looked around for a year or two for a sightly spot and economical. The 125 acres on which Leclaire is built and building, is in Madison county, Illinois, eighteen miles from St. Louis, adjoining Edwardsville, which is our postoffice and railroad station. The Toledo, St. Louis & Western has its station in front of our works, the Wabash is half a mile away. The trolley line to St. Louis goes through Leclaire.

We are high up, higher than St. Louis. The land is not flat, but level enough to need no grading. There is a difference of twenty feet between the highest and lowest part. The land is rich—good for corn, wheat, fruit and vegetables. The climate is good for children and grown folks.

We wanted work and recreation and intelligence and beauty and homes. So we built factories, bowling alley and billiard room, ball grounds, set up a kindergarten and school, a library and lectures, planted trees, made winding streets, big flower beds, hung pictures in our public rooms, and built homes for those who wanted them. There was no rush for homes, for

various reasons, I suppose. Some did not want to pay $15 a month for a bought house when they could rent for $6 or $8, some didn't want to be tied to one place, some thought it too nice, and some thought it a one-man affair run by the boss. They couldn't believe that bossing the business was cross enough without hunting more trouble. The mistake was excusble; for the rule seems to be that men like authority for the trouble it brings, the more of it the better. Uneasy sleeps the head that wears a crown or runs a town. I have more sense than the majority. I know that authority means care and kicks, and responsibility means anxiety and disappointments.

I started out to manage the making of opportunities, nothing more. The people must do the rest. I have always found that the "tendency" is toward doing well, not ill. I was satisfied to leave it to the people. I knew that I should have to initiate, that the people are used to depending on what is at hand. So I initiated, and when, after due trial, a thing seemed not wanted, I dropped it or modified it. By this starting and dropping process there remains what all want and nothing that offends anybody. The kindergarten everybody has wanted, all of our children have passed through it. We built a Single-men's Club, or boarding house, got them to form a co-operative boarding club, gave the furnished house and lights free. They lived high, went in debt, I paid up for them twice and they quit. Another was gotten up, same results, and I concluded it was "not wanted." I got a co-operative store started, furnished free store room and team and light, it did excellently for two years, then was neglected, mismanaged, lost its capital and had considerable debts, which I paid off, and they quit. A year ago another store was gotten up by the employes and some neighbors. When they had fifty members and $750 in money, I built them a brick store and rented it to them at one dollar a year. They will pay for it when they get money ahead. So far they have earned 6 per cent on their capital and have returned 8 per cent dividend or rebate on the purchases—the two together equal to about 100. per cent per annum on the investment. They have had the usual trouble to get a good store-keeper, but if the management will give attention, their success is sure. The store, I think, is "wanted."

The bowling alley and billiards have sometimes been in the hands of a club, more of the time looked after by a man of ours. Always "wanted."

Sometimes our lectures have been too good and we took notice and made them lighter. Stereopticon lectures always fill the house. The children come to any sort of lecture or anything else at the hall, all of them. One good woman complained that the children filled up the front seats, didn't understand, had no business there—and she was a mother, too!

There was enthusiasm to burn at the starting. We all knew it was to be a fair if not a fairy spot, a place where joyous life was to be led. All, sensibly, began to lead it at once. When we had the walls of two factory buildings well started, we brought a train-load of our employes and friends out. The Edwardsville people turned out with carriages, there was speech-making and great good feeling. The settlement was given a name, not Nelsonville as was generally expected, but euphonious "Leclaire," honoring the grand French working man who first introduced the idea of sharing profits with his employes, making them partners.

Equity requires that men shall have an interest in the work they do. How much loss of sympathy and good will there is in a bare cold wage bargain between a corporation and a thousand "hands." This man Leclaire made all his employes partners. When he retired they became the owners, and they have continued to do a prosperous co-operative business for over thirty years.

By the end of the first year we had about seventy-five men employed, several residences occupied, kindergarten and lectures going. We had a Christmas excursion out from St. Louis, a luncheon, and some music and speech-making.

That was thirteen years ago. The panic came two years later, a long depression followed, earnings declined and dividends ceased in 1895. Good times came again in 1899. We had got in the way of building homes for ourselves and building factories to make more work and spending money on Social Betterments and increasing wages and shortening the day. All of this absorbed the earnings, put them into use, and no dividends have been paid. When there is a surplus above these requirements, dividends will be resumed.

Our latest and best Social Betterment is an Industrial School, a Working College. Professors teach and pupils study half the day, and both work the other half day. Both work for a living, a good living. What a shudder goes down an educator's spinal column at the thought of a professor doing farm or factory labor along with his pupils, and starting his school at 7 a. m. How it will shock the Harvard freshman that a student of Latin and Logarithms drives a team and hauls cinders and manure, and others polish marble and do farm labor. They actually earn their living and tuition, all their expenses, and before they graduate they will be getting paid for their excess earnings. They get the whole proceeds of their labor, profit and all. We shall see if a good living for a *family* cannot be earned in a five-hour day intelligently managed and applied. Not a materialistic sybaritic wasteful living, but a plain living, high thinking, and rational enjoyment.

Meantime the school—with six states represented—has become a valued part of Leclaire society, every day is its own enjoyment. Work and study and recreation go along together, and the school is a bouncing success.

Leclaire is not held up *by us* as an Eden or a premature Paradise. It's a comfortable and handsome and enjoyable settlement to those who like its plan and purpose and ways.

N. O. Nelson.

Leclaire, Dec. 30, 1903.

Guidance.

In early morning of my days,
  I found the secret sweet
Of how to fill the hours with praise,
  And all occasions meet:
For smiling Faith has walked with me,
  Companion of my way,
And Love I every morning see,
  And Hope is mine each day!

I ever was in God's good heart,
  I ever so must be;
The Red Sea waves of trouble part,
  And make dry path for me:
Each day of his to me belongs,
  And when the way is dim—
I follow it by sound of Songs—
  For joy leads on to him!

William Brunton.

The success of Mr. McCutcheon's book of "Cartoons," published by A. C. McClurg & Co. last May, has been so great (the volume could hardly be kept in stock during the holidays, and a fifth edition is just off the press) that Messrs. McClurg have decided to bring out at once in uniform style the popular "Bird Center" series, in which Mr. McCutcheon introduces the innovation of a continued story, the same characters appearing in each cartoon.

THE STUDY TABLE.

The Understanding Heart.

The brightness of Dr. Crother's fame as a man of letters is likely to obscure in many circles his abilities as a teacher of pure and undefiled religion. Not that he is a preacher only when he has on his pulpit gown. Whatever he writes is an intepretation of life, and it is hard to say whether his probe goes deeper and his healing surgery is more consummate in his lighter or in his more serious vein. Always his delicate literary sense is apparent, and his skill in making poetry light up his preaching as well as reinforce it is something that deserves to be commended to all who have the ear of a congregation for half an hour on Sundays.

It is from Wordsworth that he takes the wording of his present title.* The man with "understanding heart" is he who faces calmly the changes in belief that are disturbing so many in all the churches. To his own center fixed, he is a being "of large discourse, looking before and after." He cares little for systems of thought, because he has within himself the abiding reality of which systems are the more or less imperfect expressions. He is chiefly concerned to be a learner, from history, science, poetry and present experience. "The problems of the understanding heart are educational. The religious nature tries to understand itself and its real place in the universe. Now the universe is not a fixed quantity. It is continually changing. No one form of thought can express its reality. The man thinking must be left free to follow the new developments as well as chronicle the old. The real problems are those which grow out of the necessity of continual readjustment. How may our ideals be adjusted to the actual conditions which we meet? How may our religious inheritance be harmonized with our fresh experiences? How may the institutions which have purely spiritual ends be adjusted to those which serve our material welfare? How may we at the same time live according to the rules of sound reason and according to the inspirations of religious faith?" This is the kind of problems that the successive chapters attempt to meet. They do it always by a method of sweet reasonableness. It is not argument but suggestion that is offered. But, as we read, our heart is enlarged, we begin to understand, we learn to part essentials from non-essentials, we come to feel that life is all of a piece, and that its meaning is seen in a discipline which results in ever fuller insights and higher outlooks.

There is a kind of discourse that comes upon one in successive waves, and makes itself felt by the weight and rush of its thought. These chapters of "The Understanding Heart" impress one rather as clear pools, in which as one looks he finds depth opening below depth. The forms below are all forms of beauty and of truth, and long looking seems to make them one's own. He finds himself in the presence of a spirit so generous and a sympathy so inclusive that whatever his special need may be it is almost sure to be somewhere met. This is a book for those who teach, as well as for those who would learn. It is instinct with the genius of the new education, which is only the old education with its windows open to the light and air of a divine universe. It is a book to live with, and when it has been absorbed little by little it will create an understanding heart, to which, although life will still have its vexing problems, they will be problems of which God knows the answer, which he will tell us if we are but obedient and wait.

R. W. B.

*The Understanding Heart. By Samuel M. Crothers. Boston: American Unitarian Association. Pp. 187. $1.00 net; postage 9 cents extra.

Dr. Johnson said of a woman's preaching that the wonder was like that of a dog's standing on his hind legs, not that it was well done, but that it could be done at all. The wonder of Mrs. Earle's writing is of both kinds. We wonder that she can produce so many of these books that bring back the receding centuries in habit as they were, but we wonder still more that they are done so well. Is she not a woman, but a syndicate, that, with a year between books, she can produce volume after volume requiring so much careful study, so much diligence in bringing together from all quarters and corners of the earth the facts necessary for her descriptions and the objects, the various pictures of which add so much to the value and interest of her literary matter? We cannot but believe that her latest venture (not her last) is one of the most fortunate that she has undertaken. The subject is immeasurably richer and more varied than "Sun-Dials," the subject of the last volume before this, and it will appeal to a much wider interest. It is convincing of many things, for one that extravagance of dress is no new discovery, and for another that we have much occasion to bless those who have worn fine and tasteful clothes before us. In the thirty-four chapters there seems to be omitted no thing essential to our knowledge of what has been worn on any part of the body during the two centuries extending from 1620 to 1820. Indeed, there are intimacies here which will tempt the male reader to vary the Pauline phrase with a negative and say, "Surely these things were *not* written for our sakes." A third thing apparent is that the Puritans were not wholly averse to personal decoration, and had no special inaptitude for it. A thing greatly to be commended is the lack of straining overmuch to give an extrinsic interest to the details presented. There should be help here for many a fancy ball and for the correction of much wayward fashion. The illustrations cannot be praised too much, either for their abundance or their quality. The full-page photogravures of distinguished gentlemen and dames are a set of reproductions which prove at once the publisher's generosity, the author's infallible scent for her peculiar game, and the courtesy of individuals to whom these precious heirlooms have come down.

It is a very beautiful book, one that is good to handle and to read.

J. W. C.

The *New England Magazine* begins the New Year with a number which shows that, while still keeping to the old standard that has given it an unique position among high-class monthlies, it is at the same time broadening its scope and appealing to a wider public. The January number is a splendid augury of what the coming year has in store for its readers.

Perhaps the most notable contribution is from the pen of Edward Everett Hale, D. D., who discourses upon Christmas in his own inimitable style, under the caption, "The Great Anniversary Day." To many readers a close second will be Lieut. R. E. Peary's account, with illustrations, of a Christmas spent at Cape Sabine, in the dreary Arctic regions—a somber Christmas, indeed, but fascinating because of its remoteness from the ordinary experiences of life.

A paper that is sure to give delight, no less for its subject matter than for the profuse and rare illustrations accompanying it, is "Sundials, Old and New," by Alice Morse Earle, the noted author and authority on Colonial customs.

"Two Centuries of Costume in America." by Allen Morse Earle, author of "Sun-Dials and Roses of Yesterday." "Old-Time Gardens," etc. Two vols. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1903.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Third Series.—Citizenship and the Duties of a Citizen.

By W. L. Sheldon.
Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis.

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER XII.

Memory Gem.

"Government is a trust, and the officers of the government are trustees; and both the trust and the trustees are created for the benefit of the people."
—*Henry Clay.*

Points of the Lesson.

I. That a citizen may also serve his country by holding public office.

II. That a public officer does not hold his position chiefly in order to earn a salary, but in order to serve the interests of the State and its citizens.

III. That a public officer is a public servant, and that a public office is a public trust.

IV. That those holding office have the government in its various departments in their charge as a trust.

V. That it is right to wish to hold office and to take pleasure in the honor of holding office.

VI. That women hold office in various ways, and especially in our system of public education.

VII. That a person may hold office temporarily in some one function, as in the case of the clergyman performing the marriage service.

VIII. That a great many citizens may in this way occupy a public position for short intervals in the course of their lives.

IX. That a man in office who becomes guilty of a crime has wronged his state or government besides himself and his family, because he represents the state or government.

X. That a person is not justified in keeping himself in an official position for the sake of earning his living, when he is aware that he is not able to do the work efficiently.

Duties.

I. We ought as citizens to be willing to do our share in holding office for the good of our country.

II. We ought as public officers of the state to regard ourselves as servants of the citizens and servants of the state.

III. We ought not to hold public office solely for the sake of what we could earn for ourselves in wages or salary.

IV. We ought as officers of the state to regard our position as a public trust.

V. We ought as officers of the state to be doubly on our guard lest we disgrace the state or our country, through unworthy conduct.

Poem.

"The winds that once the Argo bore
  Have died by Neptune's ruined shrines,
And her hull is the drift of the deep sea floor,
  Though shaped of Pelion's tallest pines.
You may seek her crew in every isle,
  Fair in the foam of the Aegean seas,
But out of their deep no charm can wile
  Jason and Orpheus and Hercules.

And Priam's voice is heard no more
  By windy Ilium's sea-built walls;
From the wasting wave and the lonely shore
  No wail goes up as Hector falls.
On Ida's mount is the shining snow,
  But Jove has gone from its brow away,
And red on the plain, the poppies grow
  Where Greek and Trojan fought that day.

Mother Earth! Are thy heroes dead?
  Do they thrill the soul of years no more?
Are the gleaming snows and the poppies red
  All that is left of the brave of yore?
Are there none to fight as Theseus fought,
  Far in the young world's misty dawn?
Or teach as the gray-haired Nestor taught,
  Mother Earth! Are thy heroes gone?

Gone?—in a noble form they rise;
  Dead?—we may clasp their hands in ours,
And catch the light of their glorious eyes,
  And wreath their brows with immortal flowers.
Wherever a noble deed is done,
  There are the souls of our heroes stirred;
Wherever a field for truth is won,
  There are our heroes' voices heard.

Their armor rings on a fairer field
  Than Greek or Trojan ever trod,
For Freedom's sword is the blade they wield,
  And the light above them the smile of God!
No, in his isle of calm delight,
  Jason may dream the years away,
But the heroes live, and the skies are bright,
  And the world is a braver world today."
Edna Dean Proctor.

Classic Reading or Recitation.

"What is patriotism? Is it a narrow affection for the spot where a man was born? Are the very clods where we tread entitled to this ardent preference because they are greener? No, sir, this is not the character of the virtue, and it soars higher for its object. It is an extended self-love, mingling with all the enjoyments of life, and twisting itself with the minutest filaments of the heart. It is thus we obey the laws of society, because they are the laws of virtue. In their authority we see, not the array of force and terror, but the venerable image of our country's honor. Every good citizen makes that honor his own, and cherishes it not only as precious, but as sacred. He is willing to risk his life in its defence, and is conscious that he gains protection while he gives it."—Fisher Ames.

Further Suggestions to the Teacher.—Much more could be made out of the subject of this lesson than appears on the surface. The first point may seem unimportant owing to the fact that only a small proportion of citizens will ever hold office. We do not care to foster an eager desire for such positions on the part of the young people when they become older. But a closer investigation will show why it is that we need to go further into the discussion. There is a significance in making the young thoroughly understand what public office implies, all the more for the reason that the number of official positions is steadily increasing with the larger conceptions of the function of the state in modern times. The subject could be made concrete by giving figures as to the numbers of citizens holding positions in one form or another as public officers in the whole United States, and what amount of money is expended simply in the payment of wages or salaries, including not only the United States government, but local and "state" government. Something could be said of the more extensive custom in Europe of wearing uniforms where people hold official positions. The question could be raised as to whether such a system would be advisable among ourselves. There might be a discussion on this point without any dogmatic opinion being given in regard to it. Pictures might be shown of officers in uniforms. A special effort must be made to give a concrete aspect to the discussion in this and other ways. Illustrations could be presented of officers in the army, and the query started as to why such men wear uniforms and why this is not done by the President of the United States. We do not wish to imply for an instant that any man acquires additional authority in himself by wearing a uniform in representing his government. But we should aim to arouse a sentiment here, in so far as an officer represents the state or country as a whole. As regards the poem, it is at the discretion of the teacher as to the extent to which it shall be described or explained in detail. But it is one of those noble selections in verse which all young people should become familiar with, and if possible know by heart. We need repeatedly to bring out the point that the hero today is not so much the soldier who wears armor or a uniform, but rather the citizen voting or paying taxes and serving his country in its general interests, in order to build it up for future generations.

UNITY

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY

3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago

$2.00 PER ANNUM.

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ASSISTANT EDITOR.

EDITH LACKERSTEEN.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

PERSONAL.—Rev. Leslie Willis Sprague, of Montclair, N. J., formerly of Michigan and Montana, has been lecturing this year for the American Society of University Extension on "Social Messages of Some Nineteenth Century Prophets," discussing Schiller, Hugo, Carlyle, Tolstoy, Mazzini and Whitman. The same course has been given for the Brooklyn Institute and the New York School Board. Early in June Mr. Sprague is to make a western trip, to deliver lectures and some commencement addresses, under the management of Prof. W. N. Ferris, of the Ferris Institute, Big Rapids, Mich. Anyone desiring to engage Mr. Sprague's services for lectures or commencement addresses may do so through Prof. Ferris.

INDIO, CAL.—The following private letter brings tidings from one of the most interesting humanitarian ventures we know of. Indio is a camp for the forlorn, the well nigh hopeless and wholly helpless victims of consumption, established by the philanthropic capitalist, N. O. Nelson, of St. Louis.

Shirt sleeves is the order of the day here, four or five comforters the comfort of the night. There is no snow on the mountains; there has been no rain since September in Southern California. Here in the desert east of the mountains we never have any rain, at least only a pint in a year, statistically half an inch. We are twenty feet below sea level and yet we don't drown; on the contrary, have to bore 200 feet or more to get water to irrigate with. Then the desert blossoms and raises melons, grapes and such, three weeks ahead of the earliest.

Because it is so dry and so low is why it is the best place known for consumption. Tuberculi suffer from drought like any other crop; there is a larger supply of oxygen than in rarer air. Being warm and dry makes outdoor or tent living practicable and fresh air is poison to this microbe. I have a tent camp here at slight charge for tents and equipment, or no charge for those who have not the money to spare. Last winter I had above thirty and lost none. So far this winter no death, but one suicide. All are welcome who can approximately take care of themselves.

TORONTO, CANADA.—Rev. J. T. Sunderland, Pastor of the First Unitarian Church, has a Browning class that has reached a membership of eighty-nine. The recent Annual Meeting brought forth evidences of a church of many activities and growing influence. The church debt has been wiped out during the year, and the calendar shows a pulpit that is dealing with live questions in a live way. On Sunday morning a course of life lessons from great teachers, including such names as Carlyle, Cardinal Newman, Darwin, George Eliot, Ruskin and Dean Stanley, will be given. On Sunday evenings a course is given on "Religious Thought in the Twentieth Century," such as "The New Thought of Faith, of Incarnation, of Prayers, Miracles," etc., etc.

Foreign Notes.

THE STARVING BOERS.—How is it that in America, where sympathy for the Boers was long so outspoken and so general, one now seldom hears or reads any reference to this unfortunate people but such as one might almost call historical? Little do most of us trouble ourselves about the conditions under which those who made so brave a fight must now try to resume the arts of peace in their beloved and devastated country.

Little Switzerland is not so indifferent or self-absorbed as we, and it is from the graphic account of a Swiss woman, Evelyn degli Asinelli, in *Le Signal de Geneve* only last month that I take this picture of Boer needs to-day.

"It was in the month of April last that Miss Hobhouse, overcome by the descriptions sent her by friends in Africa of the distress prevailing in that country, decided to set out for the Transvaal and there undertake what might be called a 'tour of investigation.' She arrived there in May and immediately began to visit the cities where the Boers congregate in search of work and the refuge camps established by the government for men employed in the construction of the new railways. Here the inevitable consequences of the war were already making themselves felt: the high price of food, stagnation of commerce with consequent disastrous competition among workers at any given trade and the impossibility for most to procure the necessaries of life.

"However, what drew her most was the great stretch of country little known to Europeans extending as far as the eye can see beyond the Veldt. In the wind, snow and intense cold peculiar to these regions she was to be seen setting out at early morning in one of those Boer wagons drawn by oxen, and accompanied by some local pastor or notability. Sometimes it took the entire day to reach her destination, and always it was to find the same scenes of desolation: people living as best they might in stables or roofless huts, Indian corn their only food, and often their only clothing a garment made from a piece of old sacking. The further she went into the heart of the country northward, the worse matters became: here was misery in its acutest form, starvation quietly waiting for its victims. Here work was simply impossible, because everything was lacking: seed, implements of husbandry, cattle, and, to fill up the measure of misfortune, a terrible drought devastated the country.

"It was then that Miss Hobhouse issued her first appeal for aid in the *South African News*. The dwellers in the old Orange Free State and Cape Colony were touched by it; gifts of money and goods began to come in almost immediately and the first relief was distributed to the famished unfortunates.

"But distances in the Transvaal are immense and the Boers are scattered in every direction, rendering organization of the relief extremely difficult. Yet this warm-hearted and eminently practical woman soon laid the foundations of an admirable system of relief and restoration. She addressed herself to her numerous friends located in nearly all parts of the Transvaal, well-known pastors or influential persons who had not lost everything during the war, and engaged them to receive food, clothing and any sums of money that might be sent to them through the central relief committee (the Miss Hobhouse Fund, a public subscription opened in the *Ons Land*, at Pretoria) so as to be able to distribute the gifts without delay to the most needy.

"Nor was this all. During the long months spent in intimacy with the Boer farmer she had learned to appreciate his forceful, independent character. Quite like the Swiss people, he wishes to live by his own labor and accepts charity only in the last extremity. She determined to procure him work, and to this end expended the first money she could command in buying seed and some 'charity teams,' each consisting of a pair of oxen or mules, a wagon and a plow. These were distributed among the pastors of the districts where the need was greatest with instructions to lend the teams in turn to each family, thus enabling each to cultivate after a fashion a bit of land.

"Since last August those having this commendable undertaking at heart have been working at it with unabated zeal. The task is colossal, for the distress is indescribable, the devastation complete.

"One encouraging thing is that the official government of the Transvaal, having had these details corroborated by reliable individuals, has at last been moved in its turn. It has promised to intervene in behalf of the famishing and to support in the mother country any demand made for money for this great humanitarian cause.

"Morally, then, Miss Hobhouse has won her case, and now that all is well started she returns to her own land equipped with proofs and documents of the greatest importance. As soon as her health, impaired by the fatigues and privations undergone during these last six months, shall be re-established, she will continue in England this work as admirable as it is difficult.

"It is to aid her that I have appealed to the Swiss public, always generous when it is a question of helping any unfortunate whatsoever. The collection has already reached a gratifying figure; when it is closed I shall send the amount to Miss Pretious, our devoted secretary in London, who will telegraph the amount to the journal *Ons Land*, which is prepared to receive all contributions to the 'Hobhouse Fund.'

"Everything goes on with order and precision and with the least possible delay; and seeing the work move on so methodically, it is plain that the noble woman who instituted it not only listened to the dictates of her heart, but worked out her large plan with full knowledge of the country, its people, and their immediate needs." M. E. H.

"This is one of the biggest states in the whole world, I guess," said an old Iowa farmer as we sat on a North-Western Line train speeding across that commonwealth through a succession of beautiful villages, prosperous cities, and a smiling country of rich and rolling prairie farms. Sleek stock and well filled barns, waving corn and wide meadow lands, made a car-window panorama of typical Iowa scenery.

"We been pretty busy out here for a few years past, and we been making some money." He threw one knee over the other and proceeded with what for him was a long speech. "We been savin' some money, lendin' some more, and our debts ain't enough to worry us—not by quite a consid'able."

What the old gentleman said as the train rushed along is undoubtedly amply backed up by the facts. The Passenger Department of the Chicago & North-Western Line is publishing statements from such people as Governor Cummins, Ex-Congressman Perkins, of the *Sioux City Journal*, and others, that bear out in full the quiet and business-like enthusiasm of the old farmer.

Secretary Wilson, of the Agricultural Department, says of Iowa that the state will produce this year 221,000,000 bushels of corn, the second largest production in the United States; that it stands first in the production of oats and second in the production and acreage of hay (5,600,000 tons on 3,000,000 acres).

"The total area under the principal crops in Iowa during the past year was nearly seventeen million acres, the total value of live stock on farms about two hundred and seventy-seven million dollars," says the Secretary, "and notwithstanding the somewhat poor season of last year, the farmers are everywhere in a prosperous condition."

The Secretary's view of prosperity in his home state is echoed by Governor Cummins.

"The percentage of the entire area of the state that can be profitably used for agricultural purposes," says the Governor, "far exceeds that of any other state in the union (nearly 30,000,000 acres) with a total value of soil products for the year estimated at $230,000,000 and live stock on farms estimated at $270,000,000. It necessarily follows that the people of the state are prosperous, happy and contented."

Hon. LaFayette Young, of the *Daily Capitol*, Des Moines, says:

"Iowa stands with a record of fifty years without a crop failure, culminating with a bountiful yield for 1903, with everyone busy and preparing for another busy year in 1904.

"Bank deposits are strong. The people have invested liberally in enterprises outside the state, and during the past five years have invested in more substantial improvements than during any previous period of three times that duration."

Ex-Congressman Geo. D. Perkins, of the *Sioux City Journal*, says:

"In my judgment, the people of Iowa were never more prosperous than now. The year has put to the test the state's crop producing capacity, and our people are in better financial condition than ever before.

"The agricultural outlook was never brighter, the soil is in admirable condition for a bumper crop in 1904.

"I believe that what is true of Iowa is true of the neighboring states. South Dakota has had by far the most prosperous year in her history."

Mr. Perkins voices the comfortable feeling that is found throughout the west and northwest.

Railways, such as the Chicago & North-Western, are giving the West the best transportation service ever enjoyed by any region. The heavy train-loads of grain and live stock, of products of the forest and mine, bound for Chicago and the East, are being supplemented to a degree never before known by the finished products of rapidly growing manufacturing interests that are springing up in the towns and cities of the Northwest. This wealth-bearing stream of products passes en route thousands of west-bound homeseekers and colonists, trudging beside the slow-moving ox team no longer, but traveling instead on low rate tickets on fast trains and in comfort for which western roads such as the North-Western Line are famed afar.

Professor N. S. Shaler left Harvard the first of January for a six months' vacation, which he will spend in the Mediterranean countries, going up the Nile and then through Palestine and Greece. He publishes next month through Houghton, Mifflin & Co. an important book on "The Neighbor, a Study of Race Prejudices," dealing with perhaps the most important group of problems that concerns modern states.

He Stopped the Paper.

"I've stopped my paper, yes, I hev;
I didn't like to do it,
But the editor got too smart
And I allow he'll rue it.
I am a man as pays his debts,
And I won't be insulted,
So when an editor gets smart,
I want to be consulted.
I took his paper eleven years,
An' helped him all I could, sir.
An' when it comes to dunnin' me,
I didn't think he would, sir.
But that he did, an' you can bet
It made me hot as thunder.
Says I, 'I'll stop that sheet, I will,
If the cussed thing goes under!'
I hunted up the measley whelp
An' for his cunnin' caper
I paid eleven years an' quit!
Yes, sir, I've stopped his paper!"

—*Exchange.*

"The Divine Vision, and Other Poems" is the title of the new volume of verse by the Irish poet and mystic who prefers to be known simply as "A. F." Hitherto he has been bracketed with Mr. W. B. Yeats; American readers have known him only through "The Earth Breath, and Other Poems." In his new volume of lyrics he "uses freely the legendary traditions of Gaelic Ireland," as does Mr. Yeats; but "he interprets them through a mysticism which recalls the East rather than the West."

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